

GEORGE LONGENECKER

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## Villanelle for Fallen Apples

Over snow and apples they crawl,  
one by one, keeping low,  
in the snow a broken doll.

In the autumn apples fall,  
red and wrinkled in the snow—  
over snow and apples they crawl.

One soldier falls behind a stone wall,  
ducks down, keeping low,  
in the snow a broken doll.

Whichever way the bloody fall,  
whichever way a war will blow,  
over snow and apples they crawl.

Apples shake, cannons growl,  
on the wall a frightened crow,  
in the snow a broken doll.

Nothing different but time—musket ball,  
cluster bomb—they will fall and blood will flow.  
Over snow and apples they crawl,  
in the snow a broken doll.

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**GEORGE LONGENECKER** recently retired as a professor at Vermont Technical College. His poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Poetry Quarterly*, *Vermont Literary Review*, *Two Cities Review* and *Saranac Review*. He lives in Middlesex, Vermont.